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On Mr. Faulkner's Sailboat

by Edward C. Lynskey

How gay it was, pink voile
curtains astir, orange cones
guarding my porch, Tuesday
book day without any guests.
Or surprises. An ex libris
lay open, a lit up Pall Mall
coiled like kudzu tendrils,
a cup of dreamy gin sat low.
My moorings were cut adrift
by midafternoon, yawny sun
a mellow beryl across Lake
Pontchartrain. "Keep yourn
arm this side of the gunnel!"
Aboard his new hooker named
Temple Drake, he authored
crazy dips and flourishing
loops, words only Heavens
above put into sentences.
His ball of yarns rolled
over — rich sassy brown
Dilsey almost fell on my
lap as both eyes focused
on the facedown novel, me
holding a chintz cushion.

